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"Intuition"

AMERICANS read Hitler's "intuition" speech with some amazement. It was not the decision to assume direct responsibility for the conduct of the war that astonished. After all, it has been assumed, generally, that in the relationship between Hitler and the High Command the final decision and initiative have always been Hitler's. The disappointment—to use a very moderate term—of the hopes placed by the Germans in the Russian campaign seems, inescapably, to be a fact and as a result it is not extraordinary that generals should be dismissed. Generals have these things happen to them. And if, for whatever reason, it may have proved difficult or impossible to find a general suitable to succeed von Brauchitsch as the bridge between Hitler's will and the technical direction of the armed forces, what could be more natural—given Hitler's self assurance—than that he should give his orders directly to the planning bureaus and the executants? It was, therefore, the tone of the speech and not the act it announced which was foreign to our understanding.

This extraordinary projection of one man's person, one man's will, one man's destiny into the body of a nation obviously lies outside our experience. We have, fortunately, no means of experiencing directly what it means to live under a state organized as is the German state. It is only through the intellect, deliberately and analytically, that we measure its inhuman concentration of power. But here, in this calm assumption that his countrymen are subject to the intuitions and will of one man, the dictator takes a stand which our own intuition defines, without hesitation nor need for reasoning, as inadmissible.

What Is Labor's Status Quo?

THE LABOR-INDUSTRY Conference in Washington was much slower in bringing out resounding promises of no work stoppage and unlimited industrial harmony than many people had hoped. But no realistic meeting of CIO and AFL and employer representatives called to settle labor relations during the war could have finished up and gone home quickly. The problem is simply not simple.

There is an essential falsity about proposals for "freezing" labor relations for the duration. At the beginning of the war, labor relations of all kinds were in motion; they had momentum; they were in rapid transition. An agreement or law to "freeze" them would have about the same relation to life that a high speed camera has when it "stops" a race between contesting sprinters.

The *status quo* on December 7, 1941, included work in progress on unionization drives. It included numerous jurisdictional disputes, contests between unions and management over wages and hours and the closeness of shops. Men in the unions and in industry and groups and parties were jockeying with various sorts of political intent. The federal legislature was in the midst of an anti-union drive. The newspapers were fighting all approaches to the "union shop." There were practically murderous divisions among labor leaders. The relation of prices to wages and profits was growing as a center of union interest.

A real freezing would have to preserve all these sources of unrest in the heart of industrial life. Trying to set fast and mechanically the current labor contracts, the immediate balance of power between the different unions and union leaders, and the present line-up of labor, management and government would be attempting a revolutionary change in the living labor relations, and it would mean killing these sources of dynamism which existed when the war broke out.

Such a "freezing" is impossible and it is undesirable. The strikes that have gone on or broken out since Pearl Harbor testify to the irreality of any such idea. We must not hope or expect that any single conference can put out of sight all these problems of power and economics. Battles abroad may draw our attention away from them, but they will still be here, and these problems, no less than military and naval ones, must be faced calmly and intelligently if the

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country is to have any real measure of social and so military success.

It would seem better to conceive of the Labor Conference as the beginning of a long-term technique for dealing with the problems. Newspapers say that the AFL leaders are inclined to a maximum of preservation of the temporary relationships existent at the beginning of December, which, if true, might reflect the AFL's position as the older and more entrenched branch of labor (although the new Greyhound bus strike is an AFL strike and the AFL is the party in opposition to the Coast welders). They would accept something very like the 1917-18 War Labor Board to police a "no gain, no loss" régime. The employers are said to be rather tough and not so stand-pat because they go to the conference with the recent activities of Congress in passing the Smith Bill in mind, and are therefore not averse to the possible labor laws that might come from the Capitol. The CIO, as the youngest group and the one with biggest plans in progress, is naturally the least willing to accept everything just as it was. Their representatives are said to be hammering at the "Murray Plan" for industrial councils, and for a greater place in the actual government of the war and of the country. The communists, represented in the Conference by Curran and Emspack, are pushing their "post-June 22," Unity drive, wanting a change which will bring the CIO and AFL together, with the CP remaining in the positions they usurped in various unions. Appeasement of the communists threatens another crippling popular front drive under the control of Stalinists.

The "Murray Plan" as a whole seems to us still rather vague, and vaguely social anti-democratic, but we believe it deserves the most conscientious study as perhaps giving the lead in a longer-term policy of dealing with labor problems and economic problems on a cooperative rather than anarchic or dictatorial basis. A first step in this direction would be the enlistment of a panel of representatives of industry and of labor to sit in a permanent conference, rather than in a sudden, all-settling one, which could deal with problems as they inevitably come up. It would not be obligated to settle everything according to what *was* on an arbitrary date. Otherwise we fear the picture of soldiers walking into plants will be repeated too often, and the production of necessary goods will be slowed dangerously, and the social system will arouse a decreasing rather than increasing fervor of defense.

American Education and the War

NO SHORT and hurried paragraph as a weekly note can hope even to outline in its full significance, much less exhaust, this vital topic. Yet there is a certain usefulness perhaps in noting current developments and speculating on them as one runs. In the train of the war, already a vast movement is perceptible (thus far mainly on the Eastern seaboard, but certainly due to spread everywhere) shaking our educational pattern to its base, altering here by contraction and there by expansion, so that perhaps the very definition of education will have to be reformulated.

The changes thus far evident are in the direction of speeding up the educational process in secondary schools and colleges, and of incorporating what is useful for the national emergency into the academic curriculum. Harvard, Yale and Princeton took the lead under the first heading, by announcing schedules which cut vacations almost to zero for the purpose of graduating students in three years instead of four. Many other institutions have followed, including professional colleges with medicine in the lead. The New York Board of Regents is putting the entire state system of education on a wartime basis. And the subsequent dropping of the draft age to twenty has widened the movement, stirring the Association of American Colleges and the American Council of Education to bring the average graduation age down also by pushing the acceleration plan throughout the country. The projected changes in curriculum content easily suggest themselves. Mathematics is stressed, history, geography, foreign languages, science, civic training—all in the "realistic instead of theoretical" aspects that will make them most immediately useful now. Public health training, domestic science and dietetics, radio, electric and map work are some of the more obvious non-academic categories receiving much attention.

No one could rightly claim that our educational system should remain aloof from the crisis in our general life. In practical fact, moreover, that system has been justly criticized for wasting time; and it is conceivable that the impulsion of a great necessity like the present one might bring into education a truer sense of proportion and a real power of concentrating on vital things. But as events actually happen, it is not easy to produce fruitful and enduring reform in a crisis—it is not easy to ride the whirlwind serenely to a desired goal. Rather, the whirlwind tends to blow all before it in its own particular direction. It is a sacred charge on American educators, and also an imperative necessity, to see to it that this does not happen here. The conduct of war requires particular knowledges and skills, and the schools must presumably bear their share in supplying them. But it must be kept resolutely in mind that these special accomplishments do not necessarily make up the pattern of that cherished ideal at the heart of all true civilization and all true freedom—a liberal education. A country which merely harnesses its schools to a war machine may win one war; but it has already lost another.

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War for Pan America, II

GENERAL HAYASHI'S recent warning to the Japanese against overemphasizing the military aspects of the war to the detriment of "constructive efforts" for the future applies even more cogently to the goal of western hemisphere solidarity. It has application in strategic, political and economic fields. One sound objective would be to aim at strong bases manned by the nationals of the territory on which they are built—or perhaps some sort of continental defense force—rather than for the US to secure permission to construct and man strategic bases throughout Latin America at strategic points. It is in the interest of all that every part of the western hemisphere develop adequate means of self-defense. Priorities just announced for certain goods for Latin America are right along this line.

Similarly in the political field collaboration is now the order of the day instead of domination. In this connection the unanimity of the Central American Republics in declaring war against the Axis points to the possibility of some form of federation. The fact that Chile, seconded by Argentina and Brazil, is generally credited with calling the January 15 Pan American Conference at Rio de Janeiro, is another straw in the wind of genuine collaboration.

The constructive side of things is, perhaps, even more apparent in the field of economics, where the danger of regarding the Americas of the south chiefly as sources of vital raw materials in time of war is increasingly realized. It is known in Washington that the other Americas are rightly concerned in building up a new economy that will not be thrown out the window as it was at the end of the last war. The Latin American peoples are concerned with developing their vast natural resources for peace-time use, with building up new industries that will raise the standard of living within their own borders.

To explore these uncharted domains and suggest what might be done requires considerable time and space. And before attempting to outline a program, it is essential to set forth certain present-day conditions, points from which we start. Here are some of the factors that must be borne in mind as Under-Secretary Sumner Welles prepares to lead his delegation to the Brazilian capital for the two-weeks conference beginning January 15.

At no other time in our history has sympathy for the United States been so marked throughout the Americas. The immediate reaction of the various governments to Japan's surprise attack on Pearl Harbor is unparalleled. Within less than a week all the Central American countries save Mexico had declared war on Japan, Italy and Germany. All the other Latin American countries in one way or another, despite influential German and Italian contingents in several important cases, immediately expressed the liveliest sympathy and took steps to cooperate with the United States.

Argentina, which has long been a commercial and political rival, at once declared that the United States would enjoy the status of a non-belligerent, which entitles our ships to use Argentine ports without fear of internment. Sympathy for the United States ran so high that a large open air rally for giving vent to these feelings was scheduled at Buenos Aires, although the meeting was ultimately called off at the eleventh hour.

Bolivia was quick to condemn the Pearl Harbor attack as unprovoked aggression and to assure the United States of her determination to fulfill her obligations of continental solidarity. Shortly afterward Bolivia froze all Japanese credit within her borders.

Brazil has been most emphatic in her expressions of solidarity with the United States despite her large contingents of Germans and Italians. In this connection it is interesting to note that the congressional committee investigating nazi activities in Latin America recently reported a number of axis-controlled airports and stores of arms there.

In Chile, where the congressional committee reports the greatest concentration of Axis diplomats bent on creating disaffection toward this country, the United States immediately was informed of its privileges as a non-belligerent, together with the assurance of Chile's readiness to comply with her continental obligations. And Chile took the lead in calling the coming conference.

Colombia immediately broke off relations with Japan and shortly afterward with Germany and Italy. The strong Japanese colony there was soon placed under virtual arrest. President Roosevelt recently despatched a note of thanks to the government of Colombia. Ecuador, Paraguay and Venezuela have all declared their solidarity with the US and their willingness to fulfill their Pan American obligations.

Mexico has broken off diplomatic relations with the Axis. It is cooperating with the FBI to thwart the efforts of Axis agents. Joint US-Mexican patrols are to investigate reports of secret Japanese bases in Lower California.

In Peru, where there are strong German and Japanese colonies, the Senate recently voted curbs on Axis nationals. Danger of a Uruguayan rupture with the Axis is so great that the German consul in Argentina has advised all German residents there to stay out of Uruguay until after the Rio conference. Allowing for important localities where Axis influence still is strong, hemisphere solidarity in the past two weeks has taken great strides toward becoming a reality.

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The Catholic Press in Wartime

What it is and how it functions in England.

By **Michael de la Bedoyere**

I REMEMBER reading in some American report that the importance of the Catholic press on your side of the Atlantic had been greatly enhanced because it was today "the only free Catholic press in the world." These words constitute a text—and a challenge.

No doubt the speaker was referring principally to the Continent, but he may well have meant to include England, whose press in wartime is under a form of indirect censorship. In that sense the remark may have been technically correct, but I hope to show that if he was referring to England he was substantially incorrect. In fact I sometimes think that the work which the Catholic press has been able to accomplish under conditions of war in this country constitutes as good evidence as any other of the quality of the freedom for which we are standing. The facts should be better known.

First let me explain the technical position. There is no obligation on the part of any editor to submit to the censorship any material he wishes to publish with the exception of news with direct reference to military information in this country or among our own forces. None of this material is of the slightest importance from the point of view of ideas. In over two years of war I do not suppose that I have had occasion to submit more than a few columns where the matter happened to bring in some details of possible military importance. Normally, of course, the editor will automatically take out pieces of purely factual information about, let us say, localities where troops are concerned or places where damage has been caused recently and so on. This he does according to simple instructions.

All very fine, the critic will say, but woe betide an editor who did not read copy with an eye to the views of the Government. The woes of a Catholic editor are many, but this danger would be one of the least of them. Under defense regulations a newspaper can be suppressed if it persistently publishes material calculated to damage the war-effort, and under these regulations precisely one paper has in fact been suppressed, namely the *Daily Worker!* It is made clear that the mere holding of opinions different from those of the Government or the nation and the defending of them is not an offense, and in fact pacifist papers have not been suppressed nor, as far as I know, in any way interfered with. I do not suppose that any Catholic paper has come within miles of the application of these regulations.

Far stronger than the pressure of the Government is the pressure of sales. Too great an independence in a country at war might cause these to be reduced to vanishing point: and this is especially true of Catholic papers whose sales are to some extent dependent on the good will of bishops and clergy. These could make life very difficult for a paper that stood out against their own approval of the country's policy. But it would perhaps be a little hard on a Catholic paper to be accused of not being free because it recognizes the necessity of not getting out of step with the hierarchy!

So we may take it that the Catholic press in wartime England is substantially free—as substantially free as it is anywhere and as it has a right to be.

But what has this meant in practice? How has the Catholic press lived up to its opportunities and how has it dealt with a situation which, censorship or no censorship, must test any responsible Christian activity?

"Though I says it as shouldn't," I answer that the Catholic press in England has done a good job —a job equally creditable to the Church which inspires it and the State which allows it. My own view is that the quality and the authority of the Catholic press has increased considerably during the war. Before the war the weekly papers—and I am here referring chiefly to them—had been accused of philo-fascism. I do not think that this accusation was well-founded, for, faced with the manifold evidence of the decadence of the Western democracies, it was only to be expected that thoughtful Catholics would examine with interest and sympathy the constructive elements in the reaction to that decadence in countries whose régimes varied from nazism, through fascism and Spanish nationalism, to Salazar's re-making of Portugal. The mere fact that the "progressives" in England —many of them attracted by the magnetic pole of Moscow—tended to lump all these régimes together into a class-tyranny which they feared but dared not challenge stimulated Catholics to take a different line. Moreover the issue of the Spanish

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war accentuated this tendency. And there always remained at the back of the Catholic mind the conviction that a true peace must be fashioned in terms of the best contribution of all who were to enjoy it and not merely through the maintenance of a one-sided ascendancy based upon the ideas of the past.

None the less the Catholic press as a whole can now be accused with some justice of having backed the wrong horse. I still believe that a democratic foreign policy based upon the ideas put forward in the Catholic press from 1936 onwards could have laid the foundations of a better Europe without the scourge of another war, but after all it is the business of the press to judge in terms of what can be and not in terms of what might be in a saner world. And we must now honestly admit that we underestimated the effective power for evil of the nazi movement. It may well be that, while maintaining our plea for a better understanding of Italy, Spain and Portugal, we should have concentrated on the task of raising and strengthening the morale of Britain and France. In this matter Hilaire Belloc, a regular contributor to one paper and a director of another paper which is not classed as a Catholic paper, has proved sounder than the Catholic editors.

War comes

The outbreak of war through the German invasion of Poland made it finally clear that somehow or other the unchallenged armed might of the nazi party must be reduced to a saner proportion if the ways of peace and the principles of civilization were to be restored. And it is that essential conviction, I think, which has guided the Catholic press in this country through the war. Quite independently of Government policy and still more independently of the changing phases of public opinion, voiced by politicians, publicists and press, we have in our different ways and with our different emphases stood for this truth. It is a truth capable of varying applications. It is possible to argue that nazism must be destroyed if the danger inherent in it is to be once and for all eliminated, and it is possible to argue that there may come a time when nazism will be so strained and the armed forces opposed to it so much strengthened that the danger is virtually eliminated, so that a negotiated peace might then be preferable to an indefinite continuation of the slaughter. I suppose it is even possible to argue that Hitler having at length achieved certain economic aims would be willing to settle down voluntarily in a new comity of nations. But I think that most of my American readers will be ready to admit that these last two applications are, in view of the evidence so far, more "wishful" than sound. But the point to note is that the Catholic press has never taken a stand which would commit it to war to the bitter end either for the sake of war or for the sake of national victory and domination. It continues to base its support of the war on the evidence that the nazis remain a danger to world civilization and that if they are allowed to have their way, the Christian fight to re-order the world on religious and moral values will have to be given up for some time to come, except upon the exclusively spiritual plane. For this reason you will search in vain in the columns of the Catholic press for any evidence of a wish to destroy Germany itself, for a peace based on retribution or revenge, for imperialism, or indeed for anything that is not wholly consistent with the Papal declarations during the war. In the same way, the Catholic press, while not failing to recognize the inevitable necessities of war, has consistently watched for assumptions of power and, still more, popular clamors for this or that un-Christian act, protested against them and exposed them. In much of this thankless work it has taken the initiative.

And it is not by any means wholly thankless, for I at least am aware through my correspondence and other contacts that we are more and more a focus of sane Christian thinking—neither bellicose nor cranky—on the part of many who are not even Catholics themselves. The Catholic press in this country, whose opinion is dominated by a few organs of the mammoth press, cannot be said to affect public opinion or even to get a fair share of hearing, but I think that in wartime it is coming to affect more and more a growing nucleus, by no means exclusively Catholic or even Christian, of men and women who are beginning to realize that the hope of the world cannot lie in the *vox populi* or the cash of the great industrialists or the game of the politicians or the latest dicta of the popular scientists and philosophers or in the armed might of the great nations, whether conservative or revolutionary, but in those who, without fear or bigotry, are trying to apply to contemporary events the unchanging moral principles founded in the religion of Christ.

Frankly I am not very hopeful of this hope. The Foreign Minister of one of the Allied Governments in London has just said to me: "My hair stands on end when I think of the post-war difficulties." The light of Christianity today is deeply obscured, and I fear that it will be a long time before the many clouds begin to disperse. But "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and, while we must seek to estimate and guard against the coming dangers, our first job is surely to do our Christian best to help ward off that which is a danger not to us alone but to the very seeds of reconstruction.

This, I think, is the spirit in which the Catholic press in wartime England is working. Though each of the four weekly organs is totally independent of the others and though all are substan-

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tially independent of state authority, ecclesiastical control—outside the field of truth and morals—and vested interests, they have throughout spoken the same message, the differences arising much more through a variety of interests than through any disagreement even in detail.

And I believe I am able to speak of the other papers as well as of the one which I edit when I say that the demand for the Catholic press has never been so great nor its guidance so much sought, quoted and discussed. Our real enemy is the Paper Controller, who in his allotment of newsprint insists on treating us equally with everyone else when, of course, he ought to realize the national advantages of giving us preferential treatment!

"People and Freedom"

Brief history of a movement for democracy in England.

By **Luigi Sturzo**

ONE COLD autumn night in 1936, while seated around a beautiful fire in my room in London, we were discussing the painful political crisis of English Catholics. Their weekly papers were then, as became to us apparent later on, too anti-democratic and anti-parliamentary; they were even pro-fascist. Nor were admirers of Hitler lacking, and there was already perceptible an anti-Semitic infiltration. Some even seriously dreamed of a "Christian Kingship" to sabotage the parliamentary system.

How to re-establish in such an environment the traditions of liberty and of democracy—that was the burden of our conversation. My visitors were Mrs. Virginia Crawford and Miss Barbara Barclay Carter. Mrs. Crawford is a veteran of the Catholic social movement of Leo XIII's time. She was a favorite disciple of Cardinal Manning's, one of the founders of St. Joan's Alliance, the English Catholic women's league, and for many years borough councilor of London. Miss Barclay Carter is a writer and journalist, an American of English and American descent, who received her degree in literature and in history in 1924 from the Sorbonne. The three of us with a great faith in the future decided to call together the Catholic democrats in a non-partisan group whose aim would be the re-affirmation of the moral values of liberty and democracy in the domestic and international fields.

The name of the group? Miss Barclay Carter, who was then preparing a historical work on Savonarola, suggested the motto *"Popolo e Libertà."* I was pleased that they adopted an Italian name which the Christian democrats of Ticino, Switzerland, had carried for thirty years as the motto of their paper. *Popolo e Libertà*—a name and tradition both Christian and . . . Italian.

The first meeting of the *People and Freedom* Group, November, 1936, was attended by only nine persons: I remember among others Roper Power, sociologist and banker, and Anthony Moore, journalist and expert in the problems of Central Europe, now both in the R.A.F.

The movement might well be called a movement of young people: only Mrs. Crawford, who was elected chairman, was elderly and represented the continuity of the Christian democratic thought. The group was English, but was open to foreigners, in most cases as corresponding members. I was the first such member.

Immediately to work: young people are impatient. In order to tune up the life of the group, a series of political talks on the domestic and foreign situation was begun. The group availed itself of the opportunities of the moment. When Professor Winter arrived in London (he was then vice-mayor of Vienna and is now in America), he gave an interesting talk on the Austrian situation. Anthony Moore spoke on Poland, Miss Scott Stockes on the English parliamentary system; others on France, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Spain. The writer gave an address at Lady Melville's hall; another member discussed Christian syndicalism and its fascist caricature: the "corporate" state.

Meanwhile, little by little, the number of both active and corresponding members increased. Eric Gill was one of us until his pacifism, after Munich, led him to resign. Among the active members were Miss Laetitia Fairfield, C.B.E., and now Chief Medical Officer of the A.T.S., one of the most prominent Catholics of London; Father Gosling, editor of the *Sower,* an excellent magazine for Catholic teachers; Father Fish of the University of Manchester, Dr. A. Crespi of the University of London, C. F. Melville of the *London Evening Standard;* Mr. Morgan, staff member of the Transport House (Labor Party Center), now a member of the House of Commons;

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James Langdale, secretary of the Distributors' Association. Among the corresponding members were to be found Jacques Maritain, Professor Daniel Binches of the University of Dublin, Professor A. Mendizabal of the University of Oviedo, at that time already dismissed from his chair by two decrees, one by Franco and the other by Negrin; Professor Maurice Vaussard, then Principal of the College of Normandy; Paul del Corde, editor of *La Cité Nouvelle,* the widely circulating Christian democratic daily of Brussels; Louis Terrenoire, editor-in-chief of *L'Aube* of Paris.

Since many non-Catholics approved and helped the group, another category, that of "Friends of the Group," was established. Among the most noted and authoritative members of this group of friends were the English historian and academician, Professor George Gooch, editor of the *Contemporary Review;* Mr. Wickham Steed, past editor of the London *Times* and an outstanding political personage; and, recently, Miss Alison Nielans, Secretary-General of the Association for Moral and Social Hygiene, which was founded in 1870 by the famous Josephine Butler.

But don't be led to believe that "People and Freedom" is an intellectual group. There are representatives from all walks of life, including workers, both men and women. Besides, it has contact with all the friends of *The English Catholic Worker* and with the Catholic Social Guild, which, though democratic, limit their activities to social work; and now with the recently formed Sword of the Spirit, an association whose aim it is to maintain the morale of the Catholics in the present war.

The group does not belong to Catholic Action; it is political and as such is autonomous and does not represent the body of the English Catholics; nor is it an organ for the ecclesiastic authorities. It speaks and acts politically in the name of its own members in so far as they are democratic and Catholic.

The political problem which the group had to face first was the Spanish war. Everyone knows how much that war disturbed the Catholic world on both sides of the Atlantic. The group opposed both of the warring sides. One of its first manifestations was a resolution against the aerial bombardment of cities and their populations. Through one of its delegates it took part in the joint committee to aid Basque children brought to England. Finally the group promoted a non-denominational Committee for Civil and Religious Peace, in which all political parties were represented. Wickham Steed was its president. Useful contacts were made with a similar committee founded in Paris under the chairmanship of Jacques Maritain, and with another one working exclusively among Spaniards, which was presided over by A. Mendizabal. The most important act of the committees was the plan for civil and religious peace presented to Lord Halifax in March, 1938, before Chamberlain signed the pact with Mussolini. As Chamberlain could not be persuaded to propose the plan to Mussolini during the negotiations, the three committees held a congress in Paris at which the Spanish ex-ambassador Madariaga and Mr. Steed presided. The plan was elaborated and more clearly defined and was then officially presented both at the London Foreign Office and at the Quai d'Orsay in Paris. Looking at it now, one cannot but see how wise that project was; its acceptance by Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay would have put a stop to the moves of both dictators, who were then conducting experiments of the new weapons and tactics under the banner of champions of the faith and crusaders against communism.

* * *

Let us return to People and Freedom. The digression has not been useless, for it shows how the activity of a few could develop in a vast political field. Meanwhile, the publication of *People and Freedom* had been started: a small, light, lively paper, animated by an aggressive spirit. Miss Barclay Carter was appointed editor; her leading articles and the political notes "In the Margin," signed "Barbarian," are always pithy and interesting. Great has been the help of Mrs. Crawford; her twelve sketches of the most famous Christian democratic leaders, e.g., of Cardinal Gibbons, might be collected in a pamphlet. Another member of *People and Freedom* under the pen-name of "Gemini" has written six very remarkable "Studies in British Democracy."

One of the issues of *People and Freedom* will remain an important political document. In that number are published the letters exchanged between the People and Freedom group and Lord Halifax, then Foreign Secretary, pertaining to the *de jure* recognition of the conquest of Ethiopia by Italy. The group opposed the recognition on moral and juridical grounds and made its opposition known to His Majesty's Government; Lord Halifax replied, justifying the act; the group answered again, refuting Halifax' arguments. I believe that Lord Halifax no longer likes his letters or his political speeches on Ethiopia. On this occasion and later—the occupation of Austria, Czechoslovakia and Albania—the group's emphasis on morality and insistence on truth so impressed men of good will and even indifferent persons that they began to realize the character of the group and became interested in its work. At the same time, the publication found a more and more cordial reception. The motto at the masthead, *Magna est veritas et praevalebit,* defined the paper. The idea that politics are based on lies and immorality (and are therefore something

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dirty from which Catholics are wise to keep away) is to be fought in the very name of truth and morality which should prevail in politics.

To clarify its political ideals, the group started the compilation and publication of a comprehensive book, "For Democracy," all of which was written by its members on a definite plan. It was published at the beginning of the war, and in spite of the difficulties of the times, "For Democracy" was favorably reviewed by the secular press and by that section of the Catholic press not engaged in sabotaging democracy. Two magazines, one Benedictine and one Jesuit, presented it as an event for English Catholics.

The war has taken away a great many of the young men; the women are engaged in civil and social duties; few remain to keep up the central office in London and the monthly paper. The attitude maintained by the group, favoring international anti-dictatorial policies and the strengthening of the League of Nations, opposing Munich and appeasement, has given the group a clear and unambiguous position during the war: it stands for the defense of liberty, of democracy and of the values of Christian civilization.

* * *

At the moment of France's fall, when feeling between English and French was bitter, however unjustified, it was People and Freedom that furthered the first mass meeting held in London on June 27 in the salon of the French Institute in defense of democratic and Catholic France: Londoners were present to affirm their will to defend France; de Gaulle sent his message as a Catholic.

I would like to point out two projects which have been initiated during the last months. The first is the establishment at the universities of student sections of the group. In England political education has always been reserved for an *élite* of the very rich, at Eton and Harrow, as a policy of the aristocratic body or rather of a blasé class. Certain Catholic colleges like to imitate Eton and Harrow; but for them politics would be the last interest of a young man. In certain clubs of university students the name democracy is not even mentioned; so disdainful are they of democracy. It is impossible to advance a sane democracy, inspired by Christian principles, based on the morality of the relationship between classes or peoples, without a corresponding education. It is not a matter of the premature awakening in the young of political passions; it is a question of guiding them in the sane exercise of civil rights and duties with sound criticism and according to the régime of each country. Such is the purpose of the university section. The war has made the realization difficult, but the idea is gaining hold.

The other is already an accomplished fact. On January 28 the International Christian Democratic Union was inaugurated at the Sesame Club in London. Mrs. Crawford was chairman; Professor Veraart, Chancellor of the University of Delft, Holland, made the address. The persons who have stated their adherence to the Union have been, beside People and Freedom (which had been the promoter), the representatives of the Christian democratic parties, which are now in London and take part in their own governments: Monsignor Sramek, Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia; Mr. Welter, Minister of Colonies and Finance of the Dutch government; Mr. Papiel, Undersecretary of State in the Polish Ministry of Labor; General Haller, Polish Minister of Education; Dr. Jrujo, Acting President of the Basques. Other Christian democratic exiles represent Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Spain in the Union: they have now found in England the land of liberty and independence, the very ideals for which they have fought and are fighting.

What has been instituted in London is not a novelty; as early as 1925 there had been founded in Paris, through the efforts of the Italian Popular Party and the French Democratic Popular Party, the *Secrétariat International des Partis démocrates d'inspiration chrétienne,* which had its years of success and its years of crisis; it continued in existence until July, 1939.

London now undertakes, under the trials of war, to realize the magnificent conception of an international undertaking of the democratic currents and of the parliamentary forces of Catholics.

* * *

Often our Catholic newspapers and periodicals criticize, and rightly so, politics empty of morality, politics that neglect Christian values and betray the justice between classes and between peoples. But is it not proper to say to those critics: what are Catholics actually doing in the political field? Generally they are either absent or place themselves under the shield of those very parties which lack sound moral principles and abuse political power. The only Catholics who in the last twenty years, between the first and second World Wars, have been present and active in international politics in Europe have been the Christian democrats and their associates and followers. But they have been met with suspicion and opposition by those Catholics who have preferred to uphold and defend fascist, nazi and reactionary politicians of all sorts.

The European political situation is, to a large extent, to be attributed to the flight from politics of the moral forces of Europe.

People and Freedom is a symbol of liberty and of political activity in England as well as in those countries for which England is the battleground in the fight for Christian civilization.

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Children in Uniform

By RICHARD GINDER

THEY didn't close an eye all night. Someone started throwing potatoes just when they were drifting off. That got them thoroughly aroused. Then they were hungry, so they began eating their cookies and bananas. At four-thirty, they got up and dressed. A supervisor ordered them back to bed. At seven, they were up again, with bloodshot eyes, to cook their own breakfast. After that, they sat around until noon under the midsummer sun, listening to talks on outdoor life. Then came an hour's fussing with dinner over a pit fire and, finally, the dismantling of tents and packing of equipment.

And they said they had had a wonderful time. I believe them, too. Boys are wonderfully strange creatures!

It's been some time, now, since I took over our Scout troop. I was not entirely green at the game. I had been an active Scout for three years as a boy, but still I hardly appreciated the expenditure of time and worry involved in the office. I am supposed to have a full staff of assistants, committeemen and various functionaries. Lots of them volunteered in the beginning, but every time I called for help, I got a number of excuses almost scriptural in their variety. So that now I take the boys hiking and I arrange their camping and conduct meetings and review all tests practically singlehanded. And when transportation is needed, I can always squeeze ten into my little car. One boy in the front seat and one in the back is posted to watch for state troopers while I pray for the rear springs. Nothing has happened so far.

I used to go around feeling apologetic about our troop. The Scout handbook always spoke of snappy outfits who could do everything but freeze ice-cream over a hunter's fire; and the pictures showed jaunty youngsters stepping out in well-creased breeches, all a-flutter with plumes and decorations of every sort.

Our gang didn't compare at all with those. Our khaki was washed-out looking, stocking-cuffs falling down, and the youngsters' shoes looked as though they might even have been worn. As for hikes——! I used to weep over their smoking fires, trying to be convivial over a dripping piece of bacon, with nothing to wash it down. ("The creek water isn't safe, Father.")

I say I used to be that way until one day I gathered enough nerve to enter the gang in a county meet. They placed so well that the obvious suddenly dawned on me: the handbook troop was a unique and not too desirable ideal. We have one boy who looks like a magazine cover. He has his uniform dry-cleaned—but he never hikes with us for fear he'll get it dirty. We have one boy who can cook like the late Dan Beard, but he is such a good woodsman that he can't be bothered with the rest of the crowd on a hike. He lives in the woods and only leaves there when we come in.

We have a good troop, as troops go. We don't all have uniforms, and we rarely have money in the treasury, but we all have a good time together, and when we have to put on a show for the county, the boys really snap into it.

There is a definite technique, by the way, for competing in those county events. I learned it from our old scoutmaster and believe me, he knew how to do things!

Weeks ahead of time we would start preparations. Boys would be appointed to specialize in various activities. Meetings would end with an hour or so of trial competition—signaling, fire-making, first aid, etc. Excitement would rise in pitch until by the time jamboree day arrived, we were like so many arrows on taut bows. Before leaving the troop hall for the county seat, the scoutmaster's wife would be on hand with needle and thread to avert the possible tragedy of some misplaced insignia. He himself would stride up and down, jingling extra buttons in his pants pocket and keeping up a running pep talk, à la Knute Rockne. We won so often that the silver trophy became a fixture on the pastor's bookcase.

When my gang went up last spring, I went through the same routine with some necessary modifications. Being a priest, I had no one to do my sewing for me, but I went my former scoutmaster one better by bringing shoe-shining equipment to the scout hall. Yes, and after that, I doused the boys' heads in a washtub and combed their hair for them. They looked pretty bleak, but they had enough water to keep all cowlicks down for at least sixty precious minutes.

On returning as scoutmaster after my academic interim, I was delighted to find scouting bigger and better than ever. Now and then I get an unpleasant impression that the movement is growing top-heavy with red tape—more badges being invented, more forms to fill out, more rules and regulations to comply with; but that must be inevitable in a large organization. I only hope that scouting never moves from the out of doors into the filing cabinet!

For instance I am at present in the thick of an unpleasant correspondence with our county executive about one of our gang who filled all the requirements for a local honor, then found himself disqualified because of an arbitrary technicality which he cannot understand and which I think should be waived in the case. The scouting rules are all so synthetic that they surely suffer exception where good cause can be shown; but our executive, sitting amidst his bobbins of red tape, worrying over his graphs, charts and reports, compiling growth statistics, cannot bring himself

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to see that scouting was made for boys, and not boys for scouting. Our Mike, apparently, is not much more than a decimal point to him, but to me he is a good scout and a hard worker, rather puzzled right now and perplexed by scouting's bungled attempt at holding his good will. I hope the case is not typical, but it exemplifies the danger of bureaucracy always present in an organization which has had a period of rapid expansion.

And if it were at all possible for a small town scoutmaster to be heard at the main office in New York, I would suggest a few small changes.

First of all, that uniform. I know that the youngsters look smart in their khaki rigging, but they hate to wear it for all that—not for what it is, but because it is actually hard to get in and out of. Those breeches lace almost to the ankles! Why can't they wear long trousers? I presume the breeches are intended for hikes, but if the organization wants to keep them, then they should use puttees or leggings. Have you ever tried walking through a blackberry patch in cotton stockings? And those hats! Think of what a nuisance a scout hat can be on a hike. Every breeze picks it off your head—that is, if it has not already been picked off by some low-hanging branch. It's hot. It's heavy. It's expensive. Why not a light overseas cap, such as the CCC boys wear—or, if a sunshade is required, why not a visored cap?

They should be careful about selling the uniform to adults. It too often looks foolish on grownups. I once saw a fat man in uniform shepherding a string of weary scouts through downtown traffic in Pittsburgh. He was very conspicuous, and very self-conscious. He should have been.

I would suggest soft-pedaling the advertising of equipment, too, but I suppose that is impossible. Our own buffet drawers at home are crowded with useless gimcracks — floating compasses, huge knives, an axe with its sheath, match safe, etc. Those advertisements get the boys frantic with expensive appetites—and there is no use in telling them to earn their own money. Ultimately, they sweat what they want out of papa.

But those are only minor changes. The movement will continue to grow. It's bound to. It has somehow managed to give expression to all the idealism of boyhood. Prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance are a little dry in the catechism, but exemplified in the handbook, they leap into vivid reality. Truth, fair play, kindness, charity —all the virtues go along on hikes and camping expeditions.

If you've never had a hand in a Boy Scout troop, then hurry and get in with one some place. You're missing a lot of colorful experiences. You will have fun and excitement, plenty of it, with a pleasant sense of satisfaction from watching the youngsters and realizing that you are responsible in some share, at least, for their good time.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IT MAY BE that the plea for peace which the Vicar of Christ is to make at Christmas—it may already have been made by the time these words reach their readers—will seem altogether futile, so far as immediate effectiveness is concerned. Since the announcement was made that the Holy Father would speak to the warring world at Christmas by radio, some weeks ago, the sphere of warfare has immensely widened, and hundreds of millions of men and women have been added to the multitudes afflicted by the scourge of war, and, humanly speaking, all signs indicate even further extension and lengthening of the universal conflict, rather than the dawn of even the slightest hope of its cessation. It may be that, under such circumstances, the Pope may cancel his broadcast, yet, even if he does, we may be sure that at the altar where he offers up the sacrifice of the Mass, and in his private prayers, no less than in the official action of the Church of which he is the head on earth, his message of peace will still be given to the world. And it will be the sacred duty of Catholics everywhere to act upon that message.

In carrying out their duty, in certain lands today, Germany, France, and other countries occupied by the nazi invaders, particularly Poland, the Catholics must act under the gravest of difficulties, because of the opposition, in some cases amounting to active persecution, imposed upon the Church and her children by many of the official forces of the nazi government or of its puppet régimes. Most fortunately for us all in the United States, here no such situation exists, or impends. Undoubtedly there are certain individual Catholics, and some groups with which a few Catholics are deplorably associated—or have been recently associated—that may still in their hearts oppose our government, and will take advantage of all opportunities to criticize its policies. But with our authoritative leaders declaring so unequivocally what the plain duty of American Catholics is today, and with the patriotic sentiments of the vast majority of American Catholics unmistakably evident, it is clear that the way of duty is open and plain for all.

We shall, therefore, await what the Vicar of Christ may add to what he has already so emphatically laid down for our instruction in preparing even in time of war, even while occupied in our various secular and national war duties, for the winning of the peace that must follow the winning of the war. It may be said that it is futile to talk about peace until or unless the war has been won; but never before, it is sad to say, in all recorded history, has the waging of war been so markedly and simultaneously involved with efforts to assure the lines of the peace conditions that must follow the war. What will follow the war should the Axis powers be triumphant has already been glaringly revealed, and every step in the war as waged by the Axis has been a preparation for the world dominance not only of their

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arms, but of their system of government after the arms have completed the first part of the conquest—thereafter to be suspended over the heads of their victims, reduced to the status of serfs, or slaves, of the master-races and their satellites.

We, too, therefore, must plan in advance for our future peace, and those plans are already being actively made and widely propagated by many groups both in this country and in Great Britain and the British commonwealth of nations, quite irrespective of, and in certain respects quite different, and here and there even hostile, to the principles of Christianity as laid down and taught by the Catholic Church. In this great debate, we Catholics must take out part.

It is, therefore, comforting and inspiring news that the American hierarchy has set up a committee, consisting of Archbishop Stritch, of Chicago, Bishop Ryan, of Omaha, and Bishop Muench, of Fargo, to prepare a statement for the Church in America on the peace points of Pope Pius XII. This committee has already met and issued a preparatory bulletin outlining its purpose, and is to meet again during the Christmas holidays. Later on, therefore, we shall be given this all-important message. It is to be hoped, and, no doubt, we may justifiably expect, that in addition to the direct instruction of American Catholics, the committee will lay the Papal program of principles, if not a specific plan of action, before the general American public. To that aspect of the matter I shall turn in next week's column.

Communications

COOPERATIVE PLENTY

Minneapolis, Minn.

TO the Editors: Some other readers also of THE COMMONWEAL may have shared my wish that Catholic commentators on the social encyclicals had long ago added to their encomiums a plausible exposition of just how society could be organized to actualize the right to work and the right to a living wage. A private profit, producer economy of mass production for sale has never actualized these rights for everyone, and neither the encyclicals nor their commentators have told us just what changes should be made in our social set-up so that they can be actualized.

For instance, if these rights were actualized for everyone, unemployment and poverty would be eliminated. But under our present economy, many employers could not, without going bankrupt and so ceasing to be employers—thereby adding to unemployment and poverty—pay a living wage to each of their employees.

Therefore, may I call the attention of your readers to a little book by Father Ross, "Cooperative Plenty," attempting to give a picture of a socio-economic organization allowing an actualization of these rights. Even those who think that a change to a cooperative economy will never occur, should welcome the book as a sign that at long last Catholics are getting around to the problem of how the rights specified in the encyclicals can be actualized.

JONATHAN YOUNG.

The Stage & Screen

From a Critic's Thumbnail

LAST WEEK, first-nighters were surrendered to Fifth Avenue while the critics totaled up the season's score. Here (excluding openings since press time) is Broadway's New Year's list:

ANGEL STREET. Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll raise surefire goose-pimples in Patrick Hamilton's subtle Victorian thriller about a husband who tries to kill his wife with kindness.

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE. Mass murder by a pair of sweet old Brooklyn spinsters milked for laughs. Hollywood has kindly returned Jean Adair and Josephine Hull to the leads.

BEST FOOT FORWARD. A movie actress attends a preparatory school prom as a publicity stunt. Youth takes the bows in this fresh musical.

BLITHE SPIRIT. Wars may come and wars may go, but Noel Coward goes on forever graceful and fanciful and chic and expertly charming.

CANDLE IN THE WIND. Maxwell Anderson, as often before, just misses distinction in his romantic melodrama of occupied France. John Wengraf accomplishes the impossible in outshining Helen Hayes.

CLAUDIA. Cockle-warming comedy of young married life. Dorothy Stickney is utterly captivating as the young wife afflicted with growing pains.

CUCKOOS ON THE HEARTH. This successful step-child of "Arsenic and Old Lace" gives you two endings for the price of one; Percy Kilbride having the time of his life as a homicidal maniac; and Howard Freeman more like Alexander Woollcott than Alexander Woollcott himself.

HIGH KICKERS. No one is surprised when Sophie Tucker does a burlesque strip tease. George Jessel watches.

IT HAPPENS ON ICE. The professional skaters inside the Rockefeller Center Theater manage to attract almost as large an audience as the amateurs among the reindeer in the outdoor plaza. A handsome, tonic revue that will make you squirm with envy.

HOPE FOR A HARVEST. Florence Eldridge and Fredric March solve the California agrarian problem to their own but not quite to the critics' satisfaction.

JUNIOR MISS. What happens when a thirteen-year-old movie fan decides to straighten out her parents' lives. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonegan are appropriately appalling as the junior miss and her demon chum. Good fun.

LADY IN THE DARK. John O'Hara's "Pal Joey" proved that musical comedy can be adult entertainment. Moss Hart during his career has sampled too much Broadway corn for his extravaganza about psychoanalysis quite to come off, except as the best vehicle to date for Gertrude Lawrence's versatile and expanding talent.

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LET'S FACE IT. The Cradle Snatchers are on the loose again, collecting young men in uniform. Danny Kaye's mugging and doubletalk steal the show. Cole Porter music.

LIFE WITH FATHER. Two years on Broadway haven't intimidated in the least Clarence Day's delightful autocrat of the breakfast table. Co-author Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are back at home as the Father and Mother of the beguiling brood of red-heads.

MACBETH. Margaret Webster and Maurice Evans pool their talents in a brilliant revival of Shakespeare. Judith Anderson is an unforgettable Lady Macbeth.

MY SISTER EILEEN. Before you rent a basement studio in Greenwich Village, go and see what happened to Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. Wacky, winning farce.

PANAMA HATTIE. Ethel Merman's raucous talent sets the key for this Cole Porter musical, packing next week for the road after fifteen successful months.

SPRING AGAIN. A husband's dead ancestors are the third party in this triangle comedy, chiefly notable as a "vehicle" for the professional charm of C. Aubrey Smith and Grace George.

SONS O' FUN. "Hellzapoppin" was a rest cure compared to Olsen and Johnson's latest brainstorm. Better wear your Coney Island clothes, and don't be surprised if you find yourself sharing the spotlight with Carmen Miranda.

SUNNY RIVER. Colorful but strictly in-the-groove New Orleans costume operetta by Oscar Hammerstein and Sigmund Romberg. Muriel Angelus and Bob Lawrence are the parted lovers who are never too busy to sing a reprise.

THEATRE. Somerset Maugham now denies that this expert but familiar trifle was adapted from his novel of the same name. Cornelia Otis Skinner will never convince us that an actress as talented and beautiful as she portrays might feel herself on the skids.

THE CORN IS GREEN. Emlyn Williams' sincere if rather unoriginal drama of a young Welsh miner befriended by a schoolteacher (Ethel Barrymore) won the Drama Critics' accolade as the best of last season's non-American plays.

THE LAND IS BRIGHT. Two seasoned (possibly over-seasoned) playwrights, George Kaufman and Edna Ferber, wrote this one with their eyes shut: a superficial but theatrically effective account of three generations of a parvenu American family running the familiar gamut from crude vitality through sophisticated anemia to the Star Spangled Banner.

THE WOOKEY. War comes home to the "little people" of London. Actual recordings of London air raids occasionally dispel the impression that you are reading a bound volume of *Punch*. Edmund Gwenn shows remarkable talent in impersonating a Belcher cartoon of a cockney tugboat captain.

WATCH ON THE RHINE. Lillian Hellman's anti-nazi drama won the Critics' prize for the best play of last year. THE COMMONWEAL dissented.

DAVID BURNHAM.

And All Our Yesterdays

WHEN Harry Pulham, Harvard '15, reviews his past preparatory to writing his class biography, he realizes that the really important things in one's life cannot go into a short notice meant for the public. But the searching eye of the motion picture camera can look into this middle aged man; in *"H. M. Pulham, Esq."* it does look and reveal most effectively what this particular Boston Babbitt is made of. The success of this fine film is due to many sources: King Vidor's outstanding direction, the script which Elizabeth Hill and Vidor wrote from J. P. Marquand's novel (its story and characterizations are changed, but its spirit is followed faithfully), the good cast, the beautiful photography directed by Ray June. From his boyhood at St. Swithin's where he learned to "hit the line hard" and "play the game," his young manhood at Harvard where he "acquired" higher education, his solid cultural background in a Boston that always resented a changing world and taught him the "right" thing to do, and from his war experiences and the restless aftermath in New York, there emerges the H. M. Pulham, Esq. whom we see writing his biography. The many people, as well as institutions, who helped to mold this character, include an adoring mother, a possessive man-of-property father, school friends like emotional, athletic "Bo-Jo" Brown and frank, cynical Bill King, the Myles girl with whom he fell in love when they were working together in a New York advertising agency but who refused to marry him because she understood the difference between New York and contented Boston, and Kay Motford the conventional Boston girl whom he married on the rebound. Except for the last five minutes when the film goes trite, *"H. M. Pulham, Esq.,"* is moving, honest, adult cinema. King Vidor admits being influenced by "Citizen Kane"—not in the flashback technique which was old stuff when Orson Welles was still in the cradle, but in the fast transitions from scene to scene, the moving back and forth of the story as bit by bit is revealed, the refusal to make concessions (except in the ending) to "escapist" moviegoers, and by allowing the camera in all scenes, but particularly in the thinking out loud sequences, to tell as much as it can. In directing his cast, Vidor has done an excellent job. Although Hedy Lamarr, for all her beauty, is unconvincing as the New York girl, Robert Young is first rate and deserves only highest praise in the title rôle. So also do Ruth Hussey, Van Heflin, Charles Coburn, Fay Holden and the supporting cast show what they can do under a capable director. The business of the ending is unfortunate, but it can be overlooked by audiences who will be genuinely moved by the film's sincerity, its high standards of production and those unforgettable shots of Pulham, who could not break away from the Boston pattern, realizing that he can't go back, asking himself if he is happy now, wondering what his life has added up to.

In spite of its attempts to be humorous during blackouts and raids, *"Confirm or Deny"* is the most timely of the new films. As it speeds through a couple of days in London during the blitz of September, 1940, it shows Don Ameche, a typical Hollywoodian editor, reporting from an inside seat. Don wants the papers of the Consolidated Press of America to be on the streets (with the

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story of England's invasion) at least 40 minutes before any other US paper. He meets a little opposition in his English teletype operator, Joan Bennett, who refuses to send through any uncensored information that might aid the enemy. Director Archie Mayo keeps Jo Swerling's mediocre script moving along by using plenty of shots of blackouts, air raids, wrecked buildings, crowds sleeping in London's tubes—all of which seem more real to us now than they would have a few months ago. Although the story dawdles along, it has a few moments of excitement in its melodramatic climax; and it teaches its hero an obvious lesson by proving that the war is not being fought solely for the benefit of American newspapermen.

A true example of an "escapist" film is the latest addition to the Tarzan series. Made for the child mind, but at times so exciting that it will give even the normal child a screaming nightmare, *"Tarzan's Secret Treasure"* exposes our hero still blissfully swinging through the trees without his trousers. All is serene high up on their escarpment, in darkest Africa away from the woes of the world, where Tarzan and Jane and Boy swim beautifully as they use an elephant for a raft, and live with simple and touching domesticity as they use their chimpanzee as maid, cook and friend. But civilization, with sickness and greed, climb up to this nature's paradise when white folk chance by and see the gold there. Then come sorrow and kidnapping and death, for the rapacious outsiders must have the gold at no matter what cost. And before we leave our idyllic and half-dressed Tarzan family quite safe again at the end, we follow them through some harrowing experiences. The villains from civilization foully try to polish off Tarzan; they abduct Jane and Boy; then the whole party is captured by cruel natives who torture as they kill. But Tarzan swings from bough to bough and swims like mad through crocodile-infested waters to the rescue. Johnny Weissmuller is not the sleek and boyish Tarzan he once was, but he still swims and wears a G-string well. Under Richard Thorpe's direction, Maureen O'Sullivan as Jane and John Sheffield as Boy respond much as before to the unsubtle requirements of the rôles. Barry Fitzgerald manages to add a little intentional humor to the laughable whole.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

A Scientist

Doctor Wood. William Seabrook. Harcourt. $3.75.

ONE never is bored in the presence of a brilliant personality, and it is not too much to say that in reading through these pages one is very much in the presence of the startling Dr. Robert Williams Wood. One of the eminent physicists of the world, and perhaps the most original practical joker, Dr. Wood is now over seventy and still as active physically and intellectually as one would expect a genius of half that age to be. For four decades he has distinguished himself in the study of spectroscopy in all its phases, and his work in the analysis of the spectra of metallic vapors, especially sodium spectra, led to his discovery of the diffraction grating, which replaces the prism in nearly all telescopic work. His lifelong devotion to spectroscopy has contributed enormously to astronomical and atomic research, and among other practical results has been the development of photography by the ultra-violet ray.

In no sense is this book a scientific treatise; it is essentially the study of a true-blue genius at work. In Dr. Wood we see the economy and gift for improvisation that characterize all great men. His chief discoveries were carried out with instruments made of old stovepipe, planking, wires, tubs, whatever was at hand. Once, when faced with having to clean the cobwebs out of a narrow wooden spectroscope forty feet long, he piled the family cat into one end, plugged the opening and waited for pussy to emerge from the far end; and she did, trailing a bridal wreath of webbing.

Never a proficient piano player, but gifted with a diabolical talent for mischief, Dr. Wood was determined to learn the rapid-fire "Grand Sonata" of Schumann. Above the opening bar was printed "As fast as possible"; on the third page, "Still faster." After some two years he could slam through it with perfection, and later he took on Rachmaninoff's "Prelude," which was "faster than faster than possible." After some practice "it rolled out with the inhuman perfection of a speeded-up electrical player piano. . . . He became so inhumanly mechanically expert that it was really perfect — but it was also 'perfectly awful.'" Wood's little joke was to amaze his guests and drive his family frantic with these pieces when innocently asked if he could play the piano.

All his life Wood has been prodded by the imp of the perverse, and this record of his extraordinary life is an

"The humorous scenes are
A COMPLETE DELIGHT"
Brooks Atkinson, Times
JOHN GOLDEN
presents
THE COMEDY HIT
CLAUDIA
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ROSE FRANKEN
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"A Perfect Comedy"
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with HOWARD LINDSAY
DOROTHY STICKNEY
269 Seats at $1.10
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anthology of practical jokes and demonstrations that are as terrifying to his victims as they are original. Perhaps it is his spirit of deviltry that has caused him to be preoccupied from childhood onwards with flames and explosions and bright lights in all their manifestations. Almost killed at one time by a bolt of lightning that struck within a few feet of him, Wood, far from keeping clear of the spot, immediately melted eight pounds of lead, poured it into the hole dug into the ground by the bolt and later withdrew the hardened metal, thus preserving the "signature" of the electrical visitation.

It is a joy to read this sprightly biography, for here is a man who has never relaxed in his practical and theoretical inventiveness, his freshness and vivacity, his impressive habit of perseverance, his wit, audacity, passion for travel and his fundamental dignity. He has been decorated and otherwise honored in many countries; he developed signaling devices and underwater sound-detecting apparatus during the World War; he wrote a best-selling nonsense book, "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers." He is a great scientist and a simple man.

T. O'CONOR SLOANE, III.

BIOGRAPHY

Native American. Ray Stannard Baker (David Grayson). Scribner. $3.00.

SOMEONE once said that a dynamic person is as irritated by color that is too calm and quiet as a calm person is infuriated by color that is too assertive. Is action equal to reaction? Perhaps, but in this lurid age, serenity is at a premium. We had better cherish it when we find it, even at the risk of irritating the dynamic. We do find serenity in Ray Stannard Baker's "Native American."

The actual hardships and adventures narrated in Mr. Baker's life story are exciting enough for the movies. Our country seems very young if our own contemporary can tell of his intercourse with wigwam Indians, of breaking trails and building log cabins from pioneering necessity and not from affectation of rusticity. He gives us his father's Civil War experiences and his own hunger in a hall bedroom in Chicago. But all of these we read as though we were listening to a dear old relative quietly reminiscing on a long autumn afternoon by a homey fireplace.

Mr. Baker won't keep you awake at night even though he tells you of meeting unawares a man with a hammer, or a potato boy. His experiences and his wisdom ring true. They are vivid and convincing, not always significant or profound. We are reminded of the Miller of Dee who envied no one, and couldn't suspect that any one should envy such as he. We don't so much envy Mr. Baker his experiences, as his disposition, what his experiences have made him.

Sometimes an old uncle is a little long telling some of his stories, dwelling too much on what is personally gratifying rather than universally interesting.

Perhaps Mr. Baker will one day write a book of his later years. We would like to know his immediate family. We hope his own worship of his father finds a counterpart in the devotion of his son. We would like to know something of his close association with the men who made American history in the early 20's.

There is charm and friendliness in "Native American," and the vague spirituality of a good man whose parents prayed from conviction and subjective necessity. Will some virtuous bookkeeper in heaven ever check up with Saint Peter on the number of vaguely good who have arrived because of the prayers for their parents rather than because of the intensity of their own devotions? We feel that Mr. Baker's life was fine and good because of his loyalty to the inspiration and piety of his parents.

"Native American" is a good book for those who will not find it too serene.

JOHANNA DONIAT.

George B. McClellan. H. J. Eckenrode and Bryan Conrad. North Carolina. $3.50.

ONE EXCELLENT idea of this new life of McClellan is that military war has less enduring ferocity than the warfare of political animosity. George B. McClellan, born December 3, 1826, in Philadelphia, son of a distinguished doctor, West Point honor graduate, brilliant young engineer in the Mexican War, commander of the whole Northern Army at 35, was a Democrat. Stanton, Secretary of War in Lincoln's cabinet, was a Republican. Everyone agrees that both men had complex personalities. For their startling variety of bizarre quirks, Stanton's mind and emotions are problems less easy of solution. McClellan was eloquent where Stanton was silent; blunt, while Stanton was suave; indiscreet, where Stanton was evasive; openly honest where Stanton was treacherously diplomatic. In their conflict Stanton apparently won. Time, the patience of research and our American spirit of fairness are beginning to give the real triumph to McClellan.

With polite and intelligent firmness, the persuasive assurance of gentlemen, two Virginia historians, one a colonel in the United States Army, have written this vigorous apologia. The plan of their narrative permits details of McClellan's military career alone. For his earlier and his later life they give all significant facts. The interest never falters. They believe that McClellan saved the Union, "prevented the death of the North in 1861-62 when the Confederacy was relatively stronger than it was at a later time." This belief is based upon facts as premises, sustained by logical conclusions, illustrated with details of McClellan's military plans and performances. The campaign in Western Virginia gave prestige to the Union forces. What saved the Union in 1861-62? McClellan's decision not to take the offensive after the rout of the First Manassas; his masterly taking of the Army of the Potomac across Lee's front at Harrison's Landing; his restoration of organization and morale after the Second Manassas; his refusal of the risk of an offensive against Lee and Jackson in October, 1862. What did Grant do in 1864? Unhampered by dismaying interferences from Washington, Grant adopted McClellan's strategy, took Richmond and won the war.

Biographical studies of McClellan in recent years have been toiling upward, step by step, toward a level of fairness where the achievement of a remarkable character may be viewed in the light of truth. In 1934 William S. Myers's book shed its rays of clear light on McClellan. In 1940 Clarence Macartney used his oratorical rhetoric too thick in a volume that sustained at least the new honesty of approach. And here Eckenrode and Conrad add new light to a spreading brilliance of superb evaluation: "There is no reason whatever that, after so many decades, historians should judge him, as they do, by the politics of the Civil War period. He was a great American, and a singularly pure and honorable one, and he should be recognized as such."

DANIEL S. RANKIN.

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FICTION

Anything Can Happen. Edward Newhouse. Harcourt. $2.50.

IF THE characters Edward Newhouse has drawn in this book are authentic and more or less typical of American men and women in their late twenties, the book has a significance which its author may not have intended. The men and women in the stories he has included in this volume are concerned with psychological conflicts and with various kinds of struggle of a financial and social nature and responses to these struggles, but for them there are no moral problems.

We all know that our civilization operates, to a large extent, on the assumptions that individuals are conscious of good and evil and of the possibility of choice between good and evil. Since this is the case, the situation is very serious if moral values really lose—or have lost—their force and meaning for a considerable part of the population. Indeed, if Mr. Newhouse's pictures are valid, he is right in saying that "Anything Can Happen."

The thirty short stories that make up this book are as definite and sharp as good photographs. Each of the stories, except that one about Benny Frankel, is supposedly about a member of the 1929 graduating class of a New York City high school.

Mr. Newhouse, born thirty years ago in Budapest, came to America when he was twelve and went to school in New York City. He tells us, in these stories, what he sees when he looks about him and considers the problem of human personality developing in the confusion and conflict of modern city life. He is sensitive and objective and his stories are simple and realistic. The dialogue is perfect. We like this from the conversation of the girl who stole a book of French short stories in the Oxford Pocket Classics edition because she thought the French stories would be "pretty snappy." She said, "The town's shot to hell with all this talk and nothing else but. . . . It isn't just the men, either. Women, too. I traveled on the 'L' with one of them yesterday. She had a little kid with her and this kid kept yowling and trying to climb out of the window. So the woman says, 'Mabel, if you keep quiet and behave until we get home, I'll let you eat the cheese out of the mousetrap like you wanted to.' Don't you think that's a dumb thing to say?" We agree that it is and that it typifies the intellectual level of conversaions we have overheard on the "L" and in buses and subways.

RUTH BYRNS.

Wild Is the River. Louis Bromfield. Harper. $2.50.

IN A LETTER to his publisher, Mr. Bromfield says that his new novel is "the outcome of a lifelong interest in the period of the Civil War and Reconstruction period, as well as the extraordinary clash between two *different civilizations existing side by side in America.*" There is no evidence of this in the mass of melodramatic froth which pretends to represent New Orleans in war time. There is a dim suggestion of the South—plantations are mentioned, barouches are ridden in, and streets are named; and of the times—fires are lighted to drive off the plague, superstitious citizens consult a voodoo witch, slaves go berserk after freedom and men walk the streets in Union uniforms. There is much promised, and nothing achieved, in the slight contrasts between the officers of the army of occupation whose thievery of bank holdings and commercial property was small when compared with the racketeering of Northern manufacturers, and the few impoverished citizens who are allowed to cross the stage; and in the half-baked notion that Southerners are warm-blooded and New Englanders as cold and controlled as they are "smart" and "sanctimonious." Neither the Bostonian Alice Wicks nor the rebel colonel, MacTavish, is typical by these standards. Since most of the action transpires indoors, usually in a series of boudoirs, the reader learns little of the civilization which has fascinated better writers, meets no Southerners of importance, and comes away feeling that he has not been out of his chair. There were many important elements in Louisiana besides the alien countess, the lioness who presided over a "respectable establishment" and Les Defenseurs. Technically, the story jumps from episode to episode, breaking off the narrative at near-climactic spots, like the Saturday strip of the serial "comics." None of the characters emerge full grown—they are too busy becoming aware of life to assume more than pigmy stature. The plot?—this will appeal to those who are satisfied with a hash of a road-company prompt-book version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a pulp-magazine echo of "Gone with the Wind" and the adolescent snickers aroused by the red-covered pill-catalogues found in the rural mailbox—the whole to be read while sitting uncomfortably on Circe's island. In this sense the novel is "Homeric," and those who like the "robust" swagger of an insignificant rake will no doubt find it "vital."

JAMES EDWARD TOBIN.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Subtreasury of American Humor. Edited by E. B. White and Katherine S. White. Coward. $3.00.

FOR YEARS I have hoarded in my desk drawer certain magazine clippings which had afforded me unusual amusement; the immortal account of a New York children's party was one of them. Of course one can obtain Miss Skinner's wit in book form but there is a special aroma about a clipping which is nearly duplicated by finding it included in some one's else collection. That is one of the various pleasures abounding in Mr. and Mrs. White's Subtreasury. Besides Miss Skinner's "It's a Wise Parent," I discovered Ruth McKenney's interview with Randolph Churchill—entitled "A Sock Hunt"—and Wolcott Gibbs' "Ring Out Wild Bells" about the tongue-tied Fairy in a school production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" who, urged by the prompter "to say anything—anything at all—" suddenly launched out into "The Gettysburg Address." There is also Mr. White's own "Dusk in Fierce Pyjamas," for he has been justifiably tolerant enough to include three of his own items: "An unsavoury episode," says he, "on which I will not dwell." But, come to think of it, Mr. White has four contributions because his preface is a major and most rewarding analysis of humor. Mr. White points out that truth and sympathy are the foundation of all great nonsense and that, while America takes it superciliously, England frankly acknowledges the wisdom latent in *Punch*. The Whites have classified their treasures under various labels: just "Nonsense"; "Stories and People," which includes George F. Babbitt and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"; "Reminiscence," one of the richest; etc. Three love letters of Benjamin Franklin to Mme. Helvetus come under the heading "Satire, Broad and Otherwise." Uncle Remus being "Folklore," all Mr. White could find for children was the Peterkins, Tom Sawyer and Penrod, so he calls their department "For (or against) Children," which gives room for Ogden Nash's "To the Small Boy Standing on

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My Shoes While I am Wearing Them"; "The interest I take in my neighbor's nursery Would have to grow, to be even cursory."

The Whites admit that their own laughs were their criterion, and a bound set of *The New Yorker* their mainstay. Not that they have slighted other sources or periods. One meets James Russell Lowell, Bret Harte, George Ade, Josh Billings. If Oliver Wendell Holmes is not represented by "The One Hoss Shay," Washington Irving is given an excerpt from his "Knickerbocker History." Humor in dialect shows its years, be it Mr. Dooley or Nize Baby. Clarence Day and Oliver Herford's verse is accompanied by their drawings—as it should be. "Oh, who that ever lived and loved Can look upon an egg unmoved?" cried Day. "Alas, my child, where is the Pen That can do justice to a Hen?" had queried Herford. Kenneth Allan Robinson turns to larger subjects and in verses with a haunting lilt apostrophizes the Mesecks of The Meseck Towing Line.

> Hovering, anxious Mesecks,
> Scurrying tugboat Mesecks,
> Walter Meseck and Bessie Meseck and Meseck, Carrie T. Margaret, Madeline, William Meseck and Meseck, Mary E.

For the reader's more prolonged consumption there are whole chapters from "Life with Father," Saroyan's "My Name Was Aram," and "Penrod." In lieu of newspaper extracts which Mr. White discovered age faster than anything else and must be read hot from the press, is a section called "The Reporter at Work" with such masterpieces of journalistic satire as Wolcott Gibbs's "Time . . Fortune . . Life . . Luce"; Alva Johnston's "How to Become a Great Writer" (*re* Burroughs and Tarzan of the Apes) and McKelway's and Liebling's profile of Dr. Divine. James Thurber and Ring Lardner are both well represented, but "Pigs Is Pigs" is not included.

We counsel every family to put their savings into this Subtreasury.

E. V. R. WYATT.

PHILOSOPHY

Reason and Revolution. Herbert Marcuse. Oxford. $3.75.

BY AN IMPRESSIVE HISTORICAL ANALYSIS of Hegel's thought this book attempts to answer the question, why Hegel is repudiated by the authoritarian régimes. Why did Carl Schmitt say that on the day Hitler rose to power Hegel died? The study made is threefold. Part one states and traces to their origins the pivotal ideas of Hegel. In the second part the assimilation, distortion or rejection of these ideas by Marxists, positivists and sociologists are examined. The last part contrasts modern authoritarianism with Hegelian principles and shows how dangerous the latter are to modern governments based on irrationalism. Unexpurgated Hegel must be placed by fascists or communists on the lists of forbidden books.

"To Hegel, the facts in themselves possess no authority." Hegel saw every finite fact as irredeemably opposed to itself. Its life contains the germ of its death. Living *and* dying constitute any fact. Social and economic facts are negated by their own self-contained principles. Obviously this idea taken by itself is inimical to any *status quo*. Hegelian "reason" moreover, unlike understanding, is the creator of distrust of accomplished fact. If human progress is the advance of this reason it is an advance marked by intense disgust with things as they are. Such reason becomes the chief agent for providing transformation of facts; by revolution if need be.

There are no fixed borders in Hegel between objective and subjective. That Hegelian reason, therefore, which dissolves fact or negates it is both in things and in the mind which *critically* interacts with things. Reason is fulfilled for Hegel in the state. But the state for Hegel is not a slave community organized in the interests of a particular exploiting class. It is absolute indeed but it is absolute because it overrides *all* particular interests without exception. Being itself absolutely free, it can give to particulars (individuals and lesser social groupings) the conditions for their limited reciprocal freedom. The price particulars pay for immunity relative to one another is subservience to the state's aims. The state thus becomes God.

The fully adequate grasp of a fact is contained in what Hegel calls its notion. The notion of a thing includes the passage of that thing into its opposite. Understood in this sense the three volumes of "Capital," Professor Marcuse says, are the exposition of the notion of capitalism. "Notions" of the Hegelian stamp are obviously dynamic. If therefore one possesses something they challenge, one will substitute the term dynamite for dynamic in characterizing such notions. They will be regarded by beneficiaries of the *status quo* as maliciously contrived to wrench away what they have appropriated.

Property is the embodiment of freedom according to Hegel. But if property (goods, titles, culture) implicates a whole system of cancerous injustices as its negation any "notion" capable of driving away the existing system which is the very source of such property will be resisted by the property holders. Such injustices they will say should not be rectified because they are existing facts. But these practical men ostensibly relying on existing facts are thus seen in truth to be simply desirous of remaining free.

The critical and negative philosophy of Hegel was materialized by Marx. Marx saw many things with great clarity. It is a pity he saw them with only one eye. Even unexpurgated Marx should be forbidden reading in modern Russia, since like Hegel Marx left an apparatus of critical philosophy; the most dangerous enemy of authoritarianism since it proposes the necessity of seeing both sides of a fact.

Professor Marcuse concludes with indications that submission to fact (positivism) is the arch-enemy of Hegel's philosophy. But this positivism united with lyrical irrationalism is the hall-mark of modern authoritarianism. Hence if authoritarianism is to stand, Hegelianism must fall. Possibly the Marcuse thesis is strained in some degree but it compels a reconsideration of Hegel's place among the ancestors of the nazi mind.

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

SCIENCE

A History of Medical Psychology. George Zilboorg, M.D., in collaboration with George W. Henry, M.D. Norton. $5.00.

IT HAS been a long journey to the secrets of the mind of man. And the end is not in sight, only the dim distant coastline of that happy land where man shall be mad no longer. To think that Puck and Pascal knew all the while and could not make us believe: "Men are surely fools; 'twould be but a new madness to deny their folly."

In this volume the index references to Saint Augustine and to Saint Thomas are, as is to be expected, almost

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equalled by those to the two Darwins. It is an old story, now, how the native cruelty of man was tempered only by the mercies of religion through the ages, and how hard it therefore was for the physician to get into a position where his therapy could compete with that of the churches.

The author claims that his is the first history of medical psychology. It is surely an excellent one. Some of the chapter titles are "The Great Decline" after Galen, "The Restless Surrender to Demonology," "The Blows of the Witches' Hammer," "The First Psychiatric Revolution," "The Age of Reconstruction," "The Discovery of Neuroses," "The Era of Systems" (Nancy and Salpêtrière), "The Second Psychiatric Revolution."

Not so long ago such a volume would inevitably have single out Rome for attack by the modern *Malleus Maleficarum*. Dr. Zilboorg, one is delighted to note, keeps his book clear of vituperation for theories with which he disagrees.

An exhaustive and balanced survey.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

THEOLOGY

A Companion to the Summa, Volume I: The Architect of the Universe. Walter Farrell, O.P. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

FATHER FARRELL is a priest and a theologian who believes that theology is not for priests alone. Acting upon this conviction he has exerted a considerable effort to make the theology of Saint Thomas Aquinas accessible to a wide reading public. The result is "A Companion to the Summa." The entire work will eventually consist of four volumes. The present volume, though the third to appear, is the first in the series. It corresponds to the Prima Pars of St. Thomas's "Summa Theologica," and should, presumably, be studied before the other units of the series.

In keeping with a theological sequence established by Peter Lombard in the twelfth century and commonly adopted by subsequent theologians, Saint Thomas and hence Father Farrell are concerned first of all with God and the entire array of creatures as they come from the hand of God. Who is God? Does He exist? What is His nature? What are His attributes and powers? What can we know regarding the Trinity of Divine Persons? What is creation, and why does God create? Does God look after His creatures once He has brought them into existence? What is man? What are his powers and what is his destiny? Does there exist a realm of invisible creatures by nature more perfect than man? Such problems and their solution constitute the content of this first volume. As in the Summa itself, the perspective is formally theological: divine revelation analyzed and explicated by reason. Perennial errors and modern heresies provide the author with a backdrop against which to display the splendor of Thomistic wisdom.

"A Companion to the Summa" is intended neither to supplant nor to supplement the actual writings of Saint Thomas. It is designed rather as an alternate presentation of the whole range of theological truth, to be used by persons who, though intelligent and eager, are, for various reasons, unable to devote themselves to a full-time study of theology. That the work will achieve its end appears certain in view of its scientific and literary excellence. The present volume, like its two predecessors, will be prized for the sheer fascination of its pages.

DAVID DALRYMPLE.

WAR

This War Is the Passion. Caryll Houselander. Sheed & Ward. $2.00.

AMONG the many books that have been occasioned by the present international situation it is not likely that many will survive and be of value to posterity. Those few that will live are the books whose authors succeed in applying permanently valid principles to the present situation. To this small number belongs definitely Caryll Houselander's little book of essays entitled "This War Is the Passion." The permanent value of this book lies undoubtedly in the fact that it is not based on anything so fleeting as a close national unity imposed from without, but on the ever valid spirituality of the early Church as manifested in the Liturgy and sacramental life of the Church also at the present day. In spite of the fact that these sources of life are seen with the eyes of a Catholic living in a country harassed by the terrors of war, its conclusions are applicable to any age and to any kind of circumstances in which a Catholic may find himself. The accusation has frequently been levelled against liturgical spirituality, that it has no value in times of real distress, but that its suitability is restricted to small esoteric circles of Catholics who are fortunate enough to live in material comfort and who refuse to face the more serious issues in life. That such is not the case ought to be evident to any Catholic who reads this book with the attention it deserves. Yet the book is neither an argument for nor a ponderous explanation of such spirituality. It is written in a free and easy manner that reveals the fact that the author is inspired by the true liberty of the children of God. It is a book which ought not to be missing from the reading-list of any person who is interested in a truly Catholic view of the present situation in England.

ANSGAR NELSON, O.S.B.

BRIEFERS

The American Sporting Scene. John Kieran and Joseph W. Golinkin. Macmillan. $5.00.

AN ATTRACTIVE gift book for a man who does not read extensively. The many illustrations, if not startling, are nice. The texts on the various forms of sport for American spectators are passing brief and sketchy for an author as encyclopedia-like as John Kieran, and him in his own field!

Pensées and The Provincial Letters. Blaise Pascal. Modern Library. $.95.

WITH the present volume the Modern Library makes an important addition to its imposing list of publications. Undeniably among the greatest works of the seventeenth century, the "Pensées" and "Provincial Letters" in this neat and readable single volume will be a valuable addition to anyone's library.

The Living Past: The Why and How of Archeology as Seen through the Mounds of Western Asia. Cyrus H. Gordon. Day. $2.50.

THE ARCHEOLOGY of the ancient region which Breasted called the fertile crescent, stretching from Egypt north through Syria and down the Euphrates and Tigris to the Persian Gulf, is so important both by nature and by historic implications that it has become one of the most interesting fields of research. This is a summary of its most recent significance, which Dr. Gordon is in a

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position to know with personal authority. His aim was to write a general report for the public in the style of free, informal talk across the table—a style not only more lively than that of technical publication but also in one sense more significant, since it gives a view of the subject in the mingled lights and reflections of nature rather than in the controlled, pure north light of the laboratory. It is pleasant to report that he succeeded. A thoughtful and agreeable little book, containing also some important original material. E. P. RICHARDSON.

Roosevelt: Dictator or Democrat? Gerald W. Johnson. Harper. $3.00.

AN ENGAGING, often persuasive tribute to the President. Not entirely uncritical, it defends him at every turn, even to the extent of reviving the Rooseveltian arguments for packing the Supreme Court. Not an intimate study, the book none the less gives a disarming picture of the President's forebears and his early career. A number of good answers to the stories bruited about by those choleric at the very thought of "that man."

In the Groove

A RATHER neglected *Requiem* is the finest of current recordings—that of Gabriel Fauré, a Frenchman of the school of Franck, Chausson and Saint-Saëns, who died some fifteen years ago. Fauré's *Requiem* is serene, almost over-refined; it omits the *Dies Irae* and hence affords no such awesome outpourings as the Verdi *Requiem*. A beautiful work altogether, and well performed for Victor by Soprano Marcelle Denya, Baritone Mack Harrell, the Montreal Festivals Orchestra conducted by Wilfred Pelletier, organist Roland Roy and Les Disciples de Massenet chorus directed by C. Goulet (five discs).

Both Victor and Columbia have added to what I would have thought was an overabundant supply of records of Franck's *D Minor Symphony*. This billowy splurge of music is perhaps the work which, above all others, makes its converts early, but after many hearings it can become intolerable. Sir Thomas Beecham's treatment of it on Columbia, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, minimizes the symphonic hokum, but those who really admire the piece may prefer the broader, more passionate version by Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony on Victor discs. Each album contains five records.

Victor continues its devotion to Mozart, whose 150th anniversary year this has been. An exceptionally lovely work is his *Sinfonia Concertante* for violin, viol and orchestra—not to be confused with the equally fine *Sinfonia Concertante* for four woodwinds and orchestra, which has also been recorded recently. The soloists in this current concerto are Albert Spalding and William Primrose; the orchestra, the New Friends of Music conducted by Fritz Stiedry (four discs). Primrose, earnest musician as well as viola virtuoso, joins with violinist Jascha Heifetz in another Mozart work, an unaccompanied *Duo* in which double-stopping on the two instruments produces an extraordinarily rich and spacious effect (Victor, two discs). Two Mozart piano sonatas, *No. 5 in G Major* and *No. 17 in D Major,* are played by the Chilean newcomer, Claudio Arrau. The performance is capable, although not of Mozartian perfection (Victor, three discs).

Rheinhold Glière is a Soviet composer who has been known in this country largely for his *Sailors' Dance* from *The Red Poppy*. His *Symphony No. 3 in B Minor, "Ilia Murometz,"* discloses him to be a Russian nationalist of the Rimsky-Korsakov persuasion, and here at least (this work dates from 1911) no modernist. *Ilia Murometz* was a mythical sort of Russian Paul Bunyan, and his adventures are opulently handled by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor, six discs). Highly recommended. Music of the same nationalistic ardor is *Vltava* (*The Moldau*), by the nineteenth century Czech Bedrich Smetana, glowingly played for Columbia by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic Symphony (two discs). There have been few finer aquatic tonal essays, although this river Moldau sometimes makes one think of Wagner's *Rhine*. Czech music with nothing in particular to describe is Dvorak's *Quartet No. 3 in E flat,* but it is beautiful with its Bohemian dance rhythms and its slow, elegiac *Dumka* movement, and beautifully played for Columbia by the Busch quartet (four discs).

Chabrier's *Trois Valses Romantiques* are elegant and witty, with more than a touch of modernism that reveals this Frenchman as something more than the mere author of the familiar *España Rhapsody*. Nicely played on two pianos by Robert and Gaby Casadesus (Columbia, two discs). Strauss's tone picture, *Till Eulenspiegel,* gets a clean, springy performance from Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia, two discs). The difficult horn passages, descriptive of the roguish Till, come off well and the whole thing is a delight.

For tenor fans (and apparently there are such), there is the usual amount of tenoring. Jan Peerce's is actually topnotch. This Radio City Music Hall singer, now a member of the Metropolitan Opera, lets loose a fresh, powerful voice in the *Tomb Scene* from *Lucia di Lammermoor*—old fashioned gutbusting stuff but still melodious and effective (Victor, two discs). Richard Crooks is satisfactory in a collection of unhackneyed songs, ranging from Handel to that Purcell (not the great one) who wrote *Passing By* (Victor, five discs).

Marian Anderson's dark, warm contralto is heard in one of those collections whose only unity is an imposed one of mood or purpose—*Great Songs of Faith,* comprising oratorio arias by Bach, Handel and Mendelssohn; as such, well done (Victor, three discs).

Except for some good singing by Baritone Leonard Warren from Verdi's *Falstaff* and Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* (Victor), the single discs I have received are uninteresting. Bruna Castagna's contralto is acceptable in *Voce di Donna* from *La Gioconda* and *O Don Fatale* from Verdi's *Don Carlos* (Columbia). George Chadwick's *Noël,* played by Hans Kindler and the National Symphony, is post-Brahms American art-music (Victor). Ernst Toch's *Pinocchio: A Merry Overture* by Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony, is contemporary light stuff which does not linger in the memory (Columbia). Benno Moisievitch plays brilliantly two lesser *Preludes* by his mentor Rachmaninoff, in G Minor and B Minor (Victor). *In the King's Hall* and *Borghild's Dream,* from Grieg's *Sigurd Jorsalfar,* are average Grieg only; played by Fabien Sevitzky and the Indianapolis Symphony (Victor).

Keynote has issued a collection of Chinese songs for mass-singing, called *Ghee Lai,* which I hestitate to recommend. Sung by Paul Robeson and Liu Liang-mo in

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English and Chinese, they are interesting as examples of how the Chinese are being rallied in song for the first time in thousands of years—but they are scarcely melodic to western ears.

Robeson has made his first popular record for Columbia, a fine one with Count Basie's band called *King Joe* (*Joe Louis Blues*). The words by Richard Wright are a synthetic attempt to distill the Negro's hero worship of King Joe, but it's a good piece anyway. Victor has reissued in album form some favorites sung by the late Helen Morgan. Those who knew her and her times need only know the titles: *Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man, Body and Soul,* etc. Billie Holiday's *Gloomy Sunday* (Okeh) is this sad-voiced young woman's interpretation of the Hungarian song which allegedly caused a wave of suicides some years ago. Benny Goodman's latest sextet (featuring trombone and piano plus the leader's clarinet with rhythm background) can be recommended for its job on *Limehouse Blues* and *If I Had You* (Okeh). Goodman's new vocalist, Peggy Lee, constitutes a welcome change from the saggy-voiced young women who say the words for most of the big-name bands. She shines in *Let's Do It* and *That Did It, Marie* (Okeh) and *I Got It Bad* and *That Ain't Good* and *Shady Lady Bird* (Columbia.)

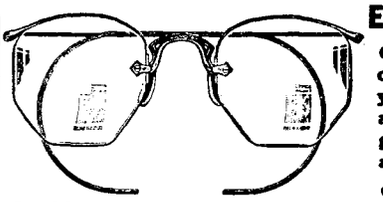
"Fats" Waller romps over the keyboard in *Pan Pan* (Bluebird), a typical Waller dish of carefree jazz. "Fats," probably the most universally liked of all jazzmen, has a style that touches practically all jazz piano schools from boogie woogie to Jess Stacy's, yet the real charm of Waller is his apparent simplicity of style and the infectious jollity of his voice. One of the less sophisticated blues singers, as well as one of the finest, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, sings *Trouble in Mind* with Lucky Millinder and his band (Decca). The Negro Bing Crosby, Erskine Butterfield, does *I Was a Fool to Let You Go* (Decca) with the strong but quiet rhythmic background of his talented little band of Midwesterners.

Artie Shaw's *Blues in the Night* (Victor) starts with a "Hot Lips" Page blues vocal and ends with his trumpet chorus, both executed with much reserve for this wild musician who, before his ascent to the big-time, used to play with a lighted cigarette behind one ear and a rabbit's foot dangling from his trumpet.

For admirers of Irving Berlin and of sweet renditions of his tunes, Columbia has brought out an album played by Al Goodman's Orchestra. Strange and disappointing is his enervated treatment of the classic *Alexander's Ragtime Band.* But, for the rest—*Lady of the Evening, Say It With Music, Remember,* etc.—the sweet style is appropriate.

When Good Fellows Get Together is an album especially designed by Victor for good fellows, the Victor Male Chorus tackles *John Peel, Song of Brown October Ale,* the title song, and others. To this you might add the fine vocalism of the Mills Brothers in *I Guess I'll Be on My Way* (Decca). Also recommended: Duke Ellington's *Five O'Clock Drag* and *Clementine* (no kin to the miner's daughter); Pete Johnson's pianistic *Pete's Mixture* and *Just for You;* John Kirby's small virtuoso band (less effete than usual) in *Tweed Me* and *Night Whispers* (Victor); *Take Me Back, Baby* by Count Basie (Okeh); *The Three B's* by Will Bradley (Columbia); *The White Cliffs of Dover* by Sammy Kaye (Victor); *A Rhythm Hymn* by Jack Teagarden (Decca); *How Do You Do Without Me* (Victor) by Tommy Dorsey (Victor).

C. J. BALLIETT, JR.



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The Inner Forum

The Native Priesthood

THE SPREAD of the war and the attendant difficulties of sending and financing foreign missionaries underline the wisdom of Pius XI in building up the native priesthood in missionary lands. This work is the special charge of the Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy. According to Father Joseph M. Lynch of the Society of St. Peter the Apostle, "the Pope of the Missions with admirable boldness rejected all halfway measures, all compromising solutions as to the formation and training of the native clergy, maintaining it must be on a par with that provided by seminaries in Christian lands."

Father Lynch cites the fact that there are 103 major seminaries in mission territories now bringing into the world more than 600 newly ordained priests a year. "Unless some unforeseen catastrophe interferes, the native clergy will surely be doubled in six years and tripled in ten years—a progress never before registered in the history of the missions."

A recent Annuarium of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda gives the following statistics:

India (Burma)..	2,595	native priests in a population of 352,837,778
China	2,026	native priests in a population of 471,400,000
Indo China	1,276	native priests in a population of 22,000,000
Africa	300	native priests in a population of 139,000,000
Japan	134	native priests in a population of 80,000,000
Korea	107	native priests in a population of 6,500,000

Catholic Missions for December reports on the way vocations for the priesthood are growing in China, particularly in those districts where there are native Chinese priests. "Chinese youth are becoming more and more attracted to the Church's service because they see that she is not a foreign institution, but is Chinese as much as she is European or American."

CONTRIBUTORS

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